

# "Quote"

To conserve the time of Public Speakers, Educators, Writers, Ministers, Executives and all who are "Too Busy to Read"

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"We think it probable that Germany will invade Russia before mid-summer."—Quote, April, 1941.

To us it seems significant that Hitler struck at Russia because he wanted to strike. He chose the place and the time, to the very hour — another of those historic week-end thrusts. Why?

The world has taken for granted that soon or late these traditional enemies must come to grips. Is it too soon? Is it too late? On the face of things, Hitler has chosen well his time and place. The Balkans now are unquestioningly his. Nor has he anything to fear at the moment from Turkey. He might wish for more strength in Libya, (from whence, reputedly, he has been obliged to withdraw substantial aerial support) but there remain Nazi troops to season the Italian forces. British strength is not overwhelming. Hitler may reason that temporary gains in this area can be reversed at leisure. Then, to be sure, there is Syria. But what if the British and Free French gain possession? Where shall they go from there? Not northward, certainly.

The present invasion is more natural, more completely in character, than the abortive "alliance" under which the German chancellor has sought to operate for nearly two years. Since September, 1939, Hitler has been in the position of a man fighting with a potentially dangerous enemy forever at his back. Now, he has so disposed his western enemies that they cannot strike immediately or directly. What more natural, in such a situation, than to face the east and direct every effort toward eliminating that eternal threat?

Hitler must have Russia's wheat and oil. But certainly he could have gotten these stores without stringing a battle-line along an area equaling the distance from southern Texas to northern Canada. His clear in-



Four hundred and seventy-five persons will start out to celebrate the Fourth of July this year—and they won't come back. None of these people will want to die. None of them will have a premonition of tragedy. Everyone of them will think "It won't happen to me!" But they won't come back because, ironically, they are celebrating a day dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.—From the pre-holiday bulletin of the National Safety Council.

tent is to smash the Stalin regime, spawn riot and revolution, and make Russia the first German Dominion. It is a big job. For Russia is a big country. A country peopled by a strange and mystic folk. Her stubborn resistance broke Napoleon's heart; may yet break Hitler's back. It is too soon to speak.

But here is an interesting sidelight: We know, of course, that Britain is making the most of her precious hour to bomb Germany's industrial areas with force and fury. But guarded German statements clearly show that Soviet planes are raiding German territory. Thus, today, two major powers bomb German soil! Six weeks ago, would you have wagered that it would come to pass in the first week of Summer?

It may well be that Germany, with a genius for misreading Anglo-Saxon character, believes that in attacking Russia, she has heightened her

chances for a negotiated peace with Britain. Indeed, there was a dispatch this week from Ankara, generally played down by American papers, asserting that a "feeler" had been put out thru the German ambassador there. Implication: If Britain disinterested herself in German attack on Russia, a "favorable atmosphere" would be created for subsequent German-British negotiations. The British ambassador, it is said counseled the German ambassador to review the text of Winston Churchill's latest oratorical effort.

Though the principals in the current conflict have lost no time in "choosing up sides" their cohorts are singularly impotent to render direct assistance. Italy's declaration of war on Russia is an empty gesture; Finland can scarcely defend her own borders against aggression. Well-intentioned England can succor Russia only by continuing to blast the hell out of Hitler industry. America's extension of the lend-lease would be more effective if we had anything to lend or lease. But American production is pledged for months to come. So it must be what the world has long awaited: a straight-out war between the two great totalitarian states.

Because of the tight censorship policies of the totalitarian states, it is probable that we can put less dependence than heretofore in daily military dispatches.

What ironies are born of battle! In far-away Syria, Frenchmen fight each other, "for the glory of France" on soil to which neither has any valid claim. And "brave little Finland" erstwhile darling of the democracies, joins pace with "that genial leader" Adolf Hitler. While America, whose principal diversion these many months has been to scotch The Great Red Menace, extends its blessing to the Army of the Kremlin.

Tsk! Tsk!

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

### *Quote* prophecies—

—that many small manufacturers who have fought shy of defense orders as a matter of policy will soon be compelled to choose between manufacturing for the Government, or materially curtailing operations. As we have pointed out previously, the priority situation daily becomes more acute, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the hour of decision is near for many operators.

These smaller manufacturers have had, in their own judgment, valid reasons for dodging defense orders. Government specifications, they say, are extremely rigid; inspectors are arbitrary and unreasonable; the acceptance of defense orders is an invitation for labor troubles, and, finally, they have all of the business in their regular fields that they can turn out comfortably. However, as we said above, there are indications that this day is nearing its end.

### ADVERTISING

A firm in Montreal has a unique way of advertising the model home it builds. It builds a house in a fashionable section of the city and, in collaboration with various furniture companies in the city, outfits it completely with chesterfield, dining suite, kitchen china and silver and bedroom suite.

It then contracts with a young married couple to live there, for two years, showing the house to prospective model home buyers during certain hours each day. The couple keep the home in spotless condition for public showing, and at the end of two years the house and its entire furnishings belongs to them. In this way the young people get a completely outfitted model home and the company has probably received many contracts for building similar homes. —*Magazine Digest*, Canada, 6-41.

### ALIENS

There isn't a man in the world who isn't a foreigner.—WILLIAM SAROYAN,

### AMERICAN-BRITISH RELATIONS

Axis countries aren't too happy about the idea of "Union Now" between the United States and Great Britain. Broadcasting to Great Brit-

ain recently, a Rome Commentator railed:

"Britain has so far been the center of a world empire which she is now ready to renounce in order to become a secondary partner of the U.S.A., a vast country three times as populous as Britain, a country that in spite of its claim of being Anglo-Saxon is inhabited by mixed stock, in which the Anglo-Saxon element is decreasing as compared with the Negroes, Irish, the Poles and the Latins, and in which all key positions in politics as well as in banking and business and in the universities are held by men of Jewish descent."—From an article by JOHN A. SULLIVAN, JR., *PM*, 6-17-41.

### AUTOMOBILES

American Automobile Association says 20 per cent could be cut from gasoline consumption by driving not more than 35 or 40 miles an hour, by avoiding "jackrabbit getaways" in traffic and by proper engine adjustments.

### BOOKS—Bible

The German reputation for wholehoggedness was never better illustrated than by the Bishop of Bremen's Gospel of St. John, in which he has achieved the almost impossible feat of eliminating all mention of Jews. Another characteristic Nazi Biblical refinement is to be found in Herr William Teudl's version of Psalm LXXII. The original runs: "God loveth the gates of Zion." Herr Teudl, however, is inspired to render this: "The Lord loveth the heights of Germania more than foreign places." The translator's justification for this breath-bereaving perversion is thought to be the Nazi notion that Germans and not Jews are the chosen race. They are, of course; but they chose themselves; no one else has had or wishes to have a hand in such an ominous selection.

To Dr. Bailey, a United States sociologist, we owe still another "refined" Bible—this time refined for the man in the street. The "Good Samaritan" in this curious edition becomes the "Good Sport"; the Wise Virgins become "Smart Girls" and other alterations are on the same depressing plane. Dr. Bailey's idea was to recapture the "mundane spirit" which according to him characterized the earlier writings of Christ's followers. —*Manchester Guardian*, England, 5-16-41.

### BRITISH—Relief

The Civilian Defense board agrees that this is indeed "the people's war." Far from suffering disunity, the nation is only too eager to be of assistance both here and abroad.

A little old lady from Iowa suggests that we clothe British bombing victims by salvaging upholstery from junked cars. To back up her plan she visited the board recently, wearing an upholstery suit, with matching millinery. "Of course" she explained "not all the clothes are this nice. This is from a Rolls-Royce."

Another patriotic lady pulled into Washington with a gift of 20 cans of bacon grease and an offer to start a campaign collecting grease from other housewives. She said the grease could be used for soap, or sent to suffering Poland, or other conquered countries facing starvation.

Thousands of patriots are offering to salvage tin cans from their immediate neighborhoods. A vending machine tycoon from Ohio writes that he has collected over a ton of metal slugs, and will willingly ship them to Washington.—LEE CARSON, *International News Service*.

Does all the knitting you do, all the clothes you sew, the equipment you have helped finance, reach Britain? Bundles for Britain claims that despite increased enemy activity in the North Atlantic, 85 of their cargoes have reached England and safely. Only two were sunk, both fully covered by insurance.—MARY GAUNT WEST, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, 6-21-41.

### CARELESSNESS

It has often been said—and now demonstrated—that people will sign anything. Recently students at the University of Michigan wanted to postpone a psychology lecture which conflicted with a football game. Upper classmen, induced to sign the petition, later discovered that they had attached their names to this document: "We, the undersigned, hereby petition that the lecture in psychology be changed from Saturday to Wednesday afternoon. By signing this document without reading it we cheerfully disqualify ourselves as candidates for any degree conferred by this university. We furthermore declare that the freshmen are our superiors in wit and wisdom, and that our stupidity is surpassed only by the mental lethargy of the underpaid faculty that teaches us."—*The Walther League Messenger*, 6-41.



## CHANGING WORLD

The public seems to have a rare misconception of the map business. Almost everyone appears to believe that every time an army crosses a boundary line everything changes. On the contrary, until a peace conference comes along, and treaties are made, maps used for our atlases, globes, etc., don't change much. . . .

Cities and other places remain as they are, and so we don't have to do anything about them except to change a few names from one language to another. No, our map making troubles aren't in Europe. When we change a boundary, it is rather simple. About all we have to do is to revise the boundary plates on our maps. But consider the United States and we have always a problem. We make 50 times as many changes a year in one of our domestic maps as we do in all the foreign maps.

Changes are occurring in American maps every day. For example, we issue revised road maps three times each year—Spring, Summer, and Autumn. Road changes occur all the time. Pavements are laid, cut-offs appear, classifications change, roads are abandoned. When artificial lakes are made whole towns and settlements are sometimes moved. Highways may be inundated and moved.

Now, owing to the building of training camps, cities bob up in a few weeks on what were open prairies or deserts. Every year the railroads discontinue hundreds of freight stops and, with changing conditions, may add as many more. Post offices change, and with extensions or revisions of rural mail routes, may disappear entirely. Airports are laid out and airports vanish.

We make an average of 15,000 changes every year to keep our annual Commercial Atlas and Marketing Guide up to date.—H. H. WOODWORTH of Rand McNally & Co., in an interview published in *Sales Management*, 6-1-41.

## CIVILIZATION—Weakness

France's love of peace has, little by little been interpreted and described by the Nazis as cowardice. Perhaps it is because France is too highly civilized that her morale is so often ill-assured. It would seem that in becoming better, man becomes weaker, and the most cultured peoples are those that are most closely threatened with disappearance. The tragedy of our generation lies here: Little by little, in our country, we have seen the idea of democracy completely

divorced from the idea of efficiency.—ROBERT DE SAINT JEAN, *The Banker and Financier*, 6-41.

## CONGRESS

One way congressmen and senators use to impress the home folks is by mailing to them copies of their speeches, reprinted from the Congressional Record. The speeches are not always as House or Senate heard them. It is a congressional perquisite that members can polish, rewrite or add to the sum of their remarks. One way to polish is to note at intervals in the text: ("Applause") or even ("Loud Applause"). Hereafter there'll be no more of either.

This great blow for a little less hypocrisy in congressional proceedings was struck by Speaker Rayburn of the House. In a move of commendable modesty, Rep. Clare Hoffman, of Michigan, asked that the record be changed to show that he drew no applause for a speech delivered the day before. It seemed such a good idea that Rayburn ordered the general ban.

An ugly thought occurs. Has some one suggested to Rayburn that long suffering constituents long ago found it easy to misread ("Applause") as ("Applesauce").—Editorial in *Detroit Free Press*, 6-17-41.

## CONTENTMENT

The world is so full of a number of kings

Who are out of a job

That I'm sure we should all be the happiest things

That we're part of the mob.

—W. E. FARRSTEIN, *New York Times*, 6-15-41.

## DEFENSE

Public schools in the United States are being brought into the orbit of national defense preparations through experiments being conducted in the schools of New York City. There air raid drills are being held on an experimental basis to determine what is the best method of handling the more than one million students in the event of any possible emergency. All employees in the school system have been ordered to keep in touch with the school superintendent during the summer. This order is based on the assumption that it might be necessary to take action to implement air raid precaution services in the schools in connection with the development of civilian defense.—*National Legionnaire*, 6-41.

## DEFENSE—Bonds

Bond-selling stimulant is Irving Berlin's new song "Any Bonds Today?" At the request of Secretary Henry Morgenthau, the ASCAP has released this number for performance "by any one at any time without charge." This release applies to radio stations whether or not they have ASCAP licenses.

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National defense stamps may turn out to be a kind of paper change. Evidence already shows where they are being left as tips for waiters and waitresses, and the old time cash-award bank night is giving way in some theatres to stamp or bond awards. But they still can't be used in place of the evasive nickel to make a phone call.

## DISCIPLINE

There was never a pair of clean white hands that came to majority without one or more pairs of hard and sometimes grimy hands behind them to make it so.—Quoted by JAMES A. FARLEY.

## EDUCATION

Instead of rhetoric and academic ceremonial, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, will devote its commencement in this grave year to a "conference on post-war reconstruction." Through addresses, round table discussions, and opportunities for informal conversations with recognized authorities in economics and political science, Antioch will attempt to set before the Class of 1941 some of the problems and the issues with which most of their adult lives will be concerned.—*Survey Midmonthly*, 6-41.

## EMPLOYMENT

For years the outgoing college graduates faced a stiff proposition in landing employment. Today job prospects have improved so much that the problem is to decide which offer to accept. At one Middle-West engineering college, each graduate had a choice of anywhere from two to twelve openings. In many schools the majority of seniors are signed up for jobs even before they have passed their final examinations. Undergraduates are also encountering ready employment offers, which means new consumers for industry but is giving the universities some worries. Some institutions are fearful of a drop in next fall's enrollments of as much as 25 per cent.—*Printers' Ink*, 6-13-41.

## THE COLUMNISTS' COLUMN

The column condensed below is of unusual interest because of the fact that it was killed by the sponsoring syndicate, United Features, and was then mailed independently by the authors DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN, to subscribing newspapers. "Whatever value this column has" said the writers in the accompanying letter "depends on its ability to tell the truth accurately and fearlessly."

Sec'y of the Navy Frank Knox has left the problem of strategy to the admirals and has concentrated on the all-important problem of building up the fleet. In this, unquestionably, he has done an excellent job. . . . But he has neglected one great thing—the enlisted men of the Navy.

Today Sec'y Knox would not have to scratch very far below surface to find that morale among the Navy's enlisted men is not what it should be. There is no real disloyalty; but there's a lot of grumbling, much resentment against the brass hats, and little enthusiasm for war. This is not so true of men recently enlisted as it is of seasoned sailors. . . .

Last week when the airplane carrier *Yorktown* came to Norfolk after patrol duty its men were permitted to go ashore for the early evening. Overstaying leave is a courtmartial offense. But next morning when it came time to move from anchorage, not enough of the crew had returned to move the ship.

Frank Knox, of course, did not start the caste system in the Navy. But neither has he done anything to change it — except play favorites among his own pet officers and appoint the sons of wealthy friends to cushy jobs. Warrant officers today, with far more experience and better background than young Annapolis graduates, face rigid caste opposition to promotion. . . . Reserve officers are looked down upon by the Annapolis clique. Wives of commissioned officers will not speak in public to wives of warrant officers.

Knox also appears to have learned nothing from the French lesson of covering up deficiencies. Although a former newspaperman, he has imposed a more rigid censorship on news than any other official in Washington.—DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

## FOOD—Army

While no one who has partaken of Army slum and goldfish on all too many occasions will believe at once that the old-time Army cook is on his way out, the National Livestock and Meat Board is doing what it can to start a new breed of chefs with issuances of a *Handbook on Cutting Lamb*, to be followed by others discussing the proper methods to employ in operating on beef, pork and other meats. The manuals were prepared especially for the United States Army, and if the Board can find some way of forcing the Army to adopt its teachings, the latest generation of soldiers may find a method of escaping the conclusion that stew and canned salmon have been given priority over steaks and chops.—*Advertising Age*, 6-16-'41.

## HOSPITALITY

Local government and local business join information forces in Knoxville, Tenn., to introduce themselves to new residents through a hostess who calls at all homes establishing new utility connections. Employed by the business houses, the hostess presents newcomers with a basket of foodstuffs and household necessities as an introduction to the city's stores, and an application card for the public library. From 15 to 25 new patrons of the Library have been registered every month since the hostess took up her duties.—*American City*, 6-'41.

## HUMOR—Chinese

While in China, I was a guest in a large Chinese monastery in the sacred valley of Wu Tai Shan. . . . It happened, when our party arrived, that most of the quarters reserved for guests were already occupied by the retinue of a Mongol prince. . . . So for two weeks nothing but an open porch separated me from the abbot. I recall most clearly the first night I spent there after a long and rather rough day's journey. The night was warm and I moved an army cot out onto the porch close to the steps which led to the wide courtyard and there I went to sleep listening to the wind bells. I awoke suddenly some hours later. The air was thick with incense and voices all around me were chanting a religious ritual. I raised my head from my pillow to find that it was early morning and that the courtyard and the porch were packed with priests. To my horror I found that I had gone to sleep in front of the abbot's altar, and now I

was on my cot in the midst of a great ceremony. It was not the time to get out of bed. There seemed to be nothing to do but stay there. The abbot stood in front of me, bowing toward a gilded figure. Then, while I watched him, he turned and saw that I was awake. He did not pause for an instant in his ritual, but looked at me and smiled and winked one eye. . . .

The abbot was confident enough of his institutions and sufficiently trustful of the opinions of those around him not to disturb me as I slept before his altar. Furthermore, he had enough humor to see that it was amusing. I learned later that the abbot's tolerance was shared by nearly all Chinese I encountered, and I have yet to see a Chinese who is not endowed with a sense of humor.—JOHN P. MARQUAND, "These Are People Like Ourselves," *Asia*, 7-'41.

## INVENTION

In a centuries-old Chinese novelty, Vivian Kellems of New York City has found a new way to handle projectiles, and to perform a host of useful engineering tasks. The original Oriental puzzle, a tubular sheath of braided straw, traps a finger thrust into it. The harder you pull the tighter it grips. Strong wire, instead of straw, now serves as the raw material.

For moving artillery shells, one model employs a wooden cage with a pair of handles. When these are raised, the wire webbing tightens on the shell. It cannot possibly slip loose until the shell is set down, and a release bar is raised, easing together the ends of the flexible cage. A similar device serves with a power hoist. Others drag cables through conduits, lift telegraph poles, temporarily support elevator cables for splicing, and uproot wooden piling.—*Popular Science Monthly*, 7-'41.

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A house mover was recently given the job of lowering a building to a new foundation. Ordinarily this is done by supporting the house on jacks, and then gradually easing down each jack in rotation.

But this mover was more ingenious. He supported the house over its new foundation on blocks of ice, and then sat down under a shady tree and relaxed. The sun shone—the ice melted—the building descended—presto! the job was done.—As far as is known, Mother Nature turned in no bill for services rendered.—*Rays of Sunshine*.



## LABOR—Compulsion

Advocating anti-strike laws may relieve the feeling of some people, but wide practical experience over many years has shown that compulsory laws are useless in the one important matter of maintaining and increasing production, and are disastrous in their implications. Even in the totalitarian countries, every effort is made to minimize compulsory labor and to substitute propaganda addressed to the worker and calculated to make him feel that he is playing a magnificent part in the service of leader and fatherland. If the dictators cannot successfully achieve production by compulsion, it is a safe assumption that the democracies of the world cannot do so; and certainly not without destroying the democracy that they are trying to defend. The plain truth is that only loyal and zealous workers can or will produce effectively. And loyalty and zeal come voluntarily from within; they cannot be commanded. — WILLIAM H. DAVIS, vice-chairman, National Defense Mediation Board.

## NAVY

Variety has a place in the sailor's life! In the daily bulletin of the battleship *Texas*, was published the following item:

"Two rats have recently been observed aboard this ship. If they are male and female, and nature takes its course, we can expect them to have 50 young a year. Rats carry disease and consume much food. The ship offers a bounty of 25 cents per rat. But they must be genuine U.S.S. *Texas* rats,—no dead ringers from shore! How good are you? Can you outwit the rat? Come on *Texas*!"—F. BARROWS COLTON, "Life In Our Fighting Fleet," *National Geographic Magazine*, 6-41.

## NEWSPAPERS—Versus

## Labor

The late Heywood Broun, founder and first president of the American Newspaper Guild, once explained why the press will always and inevitably be against labor. He said:

"The making of a modern newspaper is Big Business. Big Business does not want to see the growth of trade unionism. . . .

"The American newspaper is the first line of defense of Big Business.

"Newspapers break more strikes than the National Guard or company police. . . ."—RICHARD O. BOYER, "If This Be Reason," *U. S. Week*, 6-21-41.

## THE NEW BOOKS...

What You Want to Know About Them

**Lanterns on the Levee**—WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, lawyer and poet, author of the collections of verse, *Sappho in Levkas*, *In April Once*, *Enzio's Kingdom*. (Knopf, \$3.00).

Sadly, loath to watch it glide so quickly into history, William Percy bids farewell to the Old South. To the little old southern gentlewoman, a frail flower, faded and smelling ever so faintly of orris-root, he reluctantly says adieu. And, with a characteristic piercing afterthought, "I don't know why old ladies abandoned orris-root—it's the right smell for them. But after all there are no old ladies now."

In prose which could only be written by a poet, this son of a Delta planter, living today in a world crashing to bits, repeats "to a heart beginning to be fretful" the stories it knows and loves of his own country and his own people. The poignant memories which well forth reflect only the enduring qualities which have risen to the top in a full life, unconcerned with details. There they will remain to comfort and console a man born to the old southern way of life but forced unwillingly into a transition which could no more be stemmed than the powerful roll of the Mississippi when it chose to overrun the levees. "To be reared among wise earth-people," he writes, "gives you a lifelong distaste for the fidgety folk of cities who palaver and intellectualize and use their features but not their hands and feet."

Although in retrospect, the author counts his failures and acknowledges a deficit in accomplishments, his readers may tabulate a different score.

Of French descent, the boy Percy absorbed much of the old culture from his maternal grandparents, Mere and Pere,—the music they loved, the gentle but busy lives they lived. Add to this the imaginative, Pan-like influence of Negro playmates of whom he said, "Any little boy who was not raised with little Negro children might just as well not have been raised at all."

As a graduate of Harvard law school, Percy returned to Mississippi to serve in his father's law office, entering in full swing the older man's career as U. S. Senator,—only to see him defeated for re-election by a vulgar, common leader of the masses risen from obscurity. "The bottom rail was on the top."

War joined in the character-making process, for Percy served not only under Hoover in Belgium relief work but in active duty in France, emerging a Captain. His lucid, realistic descriptions and letters from the front are glamour-ripping though tinged with unwitting heroism. The years following the war were times of confusion marked by the return of the Ku Klux Klan which came in all its galling hatred and fury, to be routed out only with heartrending effort.

Playing Tarzan in the family tree is hazardous business; there are too many rotten branches.

Fishermen and hunters are the most pitying and most gentle and understanding people in the world, and I suspect anyone who isn't one or the other.

Left on his own, death has a poor sense of selection.

No Negro trusts unreservedly any white man—that is understandable enough, though exceedingly unfortunate—but, still more unfortunate, no Negro trusts unreservedly any Negro. . . . So the Negro has cut himself off from any leadership, and leadership is desperately needed by him.

The Delta people must guard against the river, but often they lost, and the land lay inundated for months. Negroes seeking guidance yet unwilling to be guided, hysterical whites, more food, more shelter were problems which confronted Mr. Percy as Chairman of the Food Relief Committee in the great flood of 1927.

The author's observations on racial relations are naturally southern influenced, but logical and backed by wide experience. To the Negro he says: "Before demanding to be white socially and politically, learn to be a white man morally and intellectually." And to the white man: "the black man is our brother, a younger brother, not adult, not disciplined, but tragic, pitiful and lovable; act as his brother and be patient."

Respite from the deluge of war books, *Lanterns on the Levee* has been warmly welcomed to the hearts of American readers.

## OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

A refugee recently arrived from Norway reports that a theatrical strike was taking place in that country a few weeks ago and may still be going on. It began after an ad lib act in an Oslo play was suppressed by German authorities. During the course of the play an actor dressed in the king's robes walked slowly across the stage. He said nothing until he disappeared into the wings. Then he thrust his head out and said, "Do you want me to come back?"

A man was arrested in Norway by the Gestapo because he kept walking along muttering to himself. The police asked him sternly if he had been expressing anti-German thoughts under his breath.

"Oh, no! Far from it!" replied the Norwegian. "You see I'm out of work and I was only telling myself that I'd much rather work for 10 thousand Germans than for one Englishman."

Mollified, the questioners said that was a different story, and even offered to help find him a job. What was his profession?

"Oh," came the answer, "I'm a grave-digger."—*News of Norway*.

## OPPRESSION—

### Revolt Against

The banding together of the oppressed in German-occupied territories is beginning to be signified by the letter V, an easy letter to form either by the first two fingers or a quick scribble on some wall. The V stands for *Victoire* in Belgium and France and the equivalent word *Vrijheid* in Flemish and Dutch. It represents the hidden front opposed to Nazis and its continued appearance on walks and walls can rarely be detected so quickly can it be made. Seemingly a childish effort, the sentiment behind the V symbol is significant judging by the rapidity with which it has spread, and by the ceaseless efforts of the Gestapo to remove the letter from the countless places it so mysteriously appears.—Condensed from a dispatch by R. MAILLARD STEAD, to *Christian Science Monitor*.

## PASTIMES

The fashionable tailors and the sporting-goods stores scare us as much as anybody else. "There has never been a summer when it will be so important to relax," they write in the catalogues advertising their bright, expensive toys. "The deluge is coming. Dress up and play." Here is

the damnedest rubber horse ever made; buy it and blow it up and ride it over the dancing waves. Here are flowered trunks for the gentleman and a pretty, rather indecent little suit for his mate; wear them in the sun before the sun goes out. Here is a special, portable bar for the beach, and please observe how safe and far-away the horizon looks through the bottom of a glass. Here is a shovel for the intent and busy child; let him build a fort in the sand, facing east. We are not a man to recommend fasting and prayer in a time of crisis, but we're not sure how we feel about this extra hilarity, either. It may make queer reading for posterity: the invader came at last and America took three quick Martinis and rode out to sea to meet him on a rubber horse.—*The New Yorker*, 6-14-41.

There is a current of black paganism, which today is stronger than the current of the Mississippi, undermining Christian culture. Only heroic men and women will escape this flood.—POPE PIUS XII, in a radio address to the Eucharistic Congress, meeting at St. Paul, Minn.

## PEACE

Abe Pickus of Cleveland is a one-man Ambassador to any country he chooses. A Russian immigrant, Pickus came to America in 1910, made money and plenty of it in oil, and today he's spending a part of his income on long-distance charges to reprove, advise, and consult the "biggity-bigs" all over the world.

His idea is peace! And here are a few of the ways he goes about it.

During the Spanish Civil war he called up Hitler—and got him. But Hitler couldn't speak English so Pickus, disgusted, was transferred at his own request to Von Neurath.

"Von Neurath, what are you trying to do in Spain, start another war?"

"I can't commit myself."

"Well, listen here, Von Neurath—better not start another war. Remember what we did to you in the last one."

"Von Neurath," says Pickus, "hung up."

He called Chamberlain and left this message with his secretary: "CHAMBERLAIN—QUIT FAKING."

He talked to the Duke of Alba when he couldn't get Franco.

After a reproof from the Cleveland District Attorney for taking over duties of the State Department, Abe Pickus confined his efforts for a while to negotiating peace with Japan and China through their Ambassadors to Washington. He is so well known to Europe's chancelleries they refuse to talk to him any more and he is forced to send telegrams instead. The most recent one was to Mussolini: "QUIT BLUFFING."

Pickus may be an illogical idealist but if the last peace conference was composed of "sane" people who made a crazy peace, maybe Abe Pickus as a delegate to the next one, could effect total world wide disarmament.—Condensed from an article by WILLIAM MILLER, "Abe Pickus Calling," *Common Ground*, Summer '41.

## PERSONALITY

Stella Willins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the country's fastest professional woman typist, gives this sound counsel to feminine office workers:

"Don't model yourself after some glamour girl's photos. The glamour girl isn't really like that herself."

## POVERTY

Poverty shows up worse on those of us who are so unfortunate as to have wealthy relatives.—CLAUDE CALAN, "Folks and Foibles," *Kansas City Star*, 6-19-41.

## PRISONS—Propaganda

In the early months of the war, when captured German aviators were few, the (British) army undertook to "educate" them politically. The attempt was a complete failure. The few who were anxious to hear the British side of the war were afraid to admit their deviation from the Nazi Party line, and whenever the British Guards turned on the BBC news reports in German in the recreation rooms the Nazis hurriedly left. British-edited German-language newspapers and English books and magazines remained unopened on the tables. The education of the Nazis has now been taken away from the War Office and put in the hands of a group of German refugees and English intellectuals who at least are showing originality in their propaganda methods. Radio loud-speakers have now been installed next door to the open-air latrines, and interested Germans can hide themselves away and listen to the BBC German bulletins in peace.—ALLEN A. MICHIE, "Luftwaffe Behind Bars," *Nation*, 6-14-41.



## RECONSTRUCTION

Until recently America has been characterized by unplanned expansion. With population stabilized, with few new frontiers to open and with millions of decrepit structures, we now enter an extended period of replanning, rehabilitation, and rebuilding. Tomorrow's horizons are not over the brow of the hill; they are right in our backyard. And as we approach the task, we must look to the past, but chiefly for mistakes. We must not only replace but we must vastly improve each time we build. First and last we must plan, plan wisely and with uncanny vision, for in the hands and the heads and the hearts of our planners lies our destiny.—*Architectural Forum*, 5-'41.

## RELIGION—And News

It is absorbing to study the place that news has held in the progress of religion. Paul swayed the assembly by narrating facts. . . . Dr. Luke was a star reporter. . . . It was news, real news, hot news, that swayed the first Jerusalem conference; and it is news that will fire the church of today.

Every sermon, every Sunday school lesson needs a greater infusion of real and tangible news.

During the first world war, as a correspondent, I gave my evenings to addressing the soldiers. Well-meaning authorities had sent to France a host of famous preachers and lecturers, most of whom were sent back, as failures. Commenting, Dr. Charles Watson said to me: "Have you noticed that this man's army will listen only to those speakers who tell them something they did not know before? You talk about your experiences in Russia, and the men are avid for it; I talk about Islam and they are keenly interested; Dr. Daly talks about geology and French mud, and the men hear him as if he were an entertainer, instead of a Harvard professor." From that time, I have never made a public speech unless assured that I could tell my hearers something that they did not know before. . . .

A closer alliance between newspaper men and religious workers is one of the results for which we hope in the re-shuffling of our times. The press must awaken to the importance of vital religious intelligence (not dreary little "church notices") and the church must be aroused to her essential task of co-operating with the newspapers.—*WM. T. ELLIS, St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, 6-21-'41.

## SALESMANSHIP

A certain firm that makes hammers has helped its dealers to sell more hammers by a simple device.

It provides a small but thick board platform on which one of its hammers is displayed. On the platform is a receptacle containing nails of various sizes. And a card that says—"Try this hammer."

Very few men can resist the impulse to drive a nail or two. And many a man who had not thought of buying a hammer, buys one.—*Opportunity*, 7-'41.

" "

Here's a good one about the traveling salesman who rapped on the door of James Plummer, of Ponca City, Okla.

The man was selling magazines and Plummer invited him in. When he emerged a short time later, he was carrying a copy of *Ponca Profiles* for which he had paid Plummer 25 cents.

## SELECTIVE SERVICE

The situation, beloved of fiction writers, in which the boss finds himself saluting a former employe, turned up in real life at Fort Dix, N. J., as Private Joe Thompson snapped to attention and saluted Lieutenant Andy White.

When Thompson was a radio director for N B C in Radio City, New York he was in charge of the Fred Waring broadcasts, and one of the crew he directed was Andy White, a featured vocalist. Now Thompson, a selectee, is in the Fort Dix Reception Center, and Lieutenant White, who holds a reserve commission, is on duty with Company E.—*The Regular*, 5-'41.

## SPORTS

Real sport is an antidote to fatalism. . . . Sir Wilfred Trotter, an English surgeon and philosopher . . . once remarked: "I rather think the only contribution the English will have been found to have made to the valuable things of world culture is this: an interest in struggling for an unpredictable goal. As you go eastward from the British Isles, you run into cultures of gradually increasing susceptibility to fatalism. The Englishman's games have made him infinitely less fatalistic, and as a result of the discipline of sport he will keep struggling when everything his intellect can contribute shows it to be a lost cause."—*JOHN R. TUNIS, Democracy and Sport*, (Barnes \$75).

## TACITURNITY

A newsreel cameraman was trying to get the wordless Joe Louis to drop a few pearls of wisdom. Joe just couldn't think of anything to say, and the camera whirled helplessly—focused on the champion's immobile pan.

Finally one of the cameramen switched off the power again and advanced warily on the fighter. "Listen, Joe," he pleaded. "This is a talkie. This is a sound picture. You've got to say something. Say something. Say anything. Two words will do. I know you can say two words."

Joe nodded, and the boys rushed back to their three-legged monster, turned on all the buttons again and began to wave at Joe to say those two magical words.

Joe cleared his throat and said:

"Hel-lo."—*Golf*, 6-'41.

## Today

The pagan gods of force reclaim their altars,  
The kings of blood again set up their thrones.  
In these sad days 'tis only Christ who falters:  
He finds no churches—only splendid stones.

—*THOMAS CURTIS CLARK, Christian Century*, 6-11-'41.

## UNITY

Dorothy Thompson's "Open Letter to Mr. Big" (the American people) advocates nation-wide co-operation in action not words, as shown in the following excerpt:

"I know things need changing. Things always need changing. Some fences are down, and some defenses are down; there are a thousand things that need improving. But sitting around arguing isn't going to accomplish anything.

"The way to begin changing things and making them better is just to work today better than you did yesterday and tomorrow better than you do today and to keep in mind all the time that you are working for the Big Family as a whole.

"You've got a family pledge, Mr. Big. It says the family purpose is to 'form a more perfect Union; establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.'"—*DOROTHY THOMPSON, "An Open Letter to Mr. Big," Look*, 7-1-'41.

## WAR—China

The story is told of a Chinese sage who was asked about the destiny of China. The question was put to him shortly after the Manchurian affair, when China was bitterly watching Japan, fearful of further war. The sage said that he hoped his country would go to war; that he hoped she would be defeated in that war; and that he hoped that the defeat would drive her people back into the hills where they could emerge in a new birth.

This story is true. And the events that the sage hoped for have come about. The Chinese are fighting Japan; they have suffered terrible disasters; they have been driven back into the hills; and out of those hills there is rising a New China, democratic in its aspirations and dedicated to an expanding future.—*Fortune*, 6-41.

## WAR—Restrictions

A Canon of Westminster began a rather sensational twenty-four hours with his normal duties as air-raid warden. In the course of it he watched various historic buildings blazing, tried in vain to fight fire in his own house, and saw everything he possessed (except his car, which was elsewhere) reduced to ashes, saved Westminster Abbey by telephoning desperately to exalted quarters at 3 in the morning, when all other attempts to secure help had failed owing to the breakdown of communications, and subsequently went round his parish visiting the scenes of the worst disasters. At 8 o'clock, clad in sports shirt and sodden flannel trousers, he took a celebration in the S.P.G. Chapel in Tufton Street; still so clad he took the morning service there at 11; still so clad he set out in the afternoon by car for Reading to keep an engagement to preach near there, and fetched up before nightfall at a relative's house at Oxford. Next morning, in that prosperous and bombless city (still so clad) he set about obtaining a few necessities to start life with afresh. On going to one shop to buy a razor he was confronted by a young lady with painted nails behind the counter who, outraged apparently that anyone should suppose the unobtainable obtainable, fixed the vagrant with a hostile eye and asked icily, "Are you aware that there is a war on?" He had, in fact, begun to realize that dimly. — *Spectator*, London, 5-16-41.

## Good Stories you can use . . .

### Wisecracks of the Week

Student musing!

What is so rare as an "A" in June?—*Rays of Sunshine*.

" "

Darlan assails the British for their acts of aggression. You can't do anything like that to France, he says, unless you are Hitler.—HOWARD BRUBAKER, *New Yorker*.

" "

The best way to get to the top of the tree is by getting down to the root of things.—*The Advisor*, published by the Advertising Club of Grand Rapids.

" "

Fritz Lang, in returning from a vacation, reports: "There are a lot of fish in the sea—I'm the man who left them there!"

" "

To-whom-it-may-concern note to a prospective employer: "Mr. Blank left our employ for reasons beyond his control."—From T. HARRY THOMPSON's column "Scratch Pad" in *Sales Management*.

" "

To the guest who complained that the blessing asked at dinner had been inaudible, the host replied, "I wasn't talking to you."

Precocious, four-year-old Janie insisted upon joining her mother's bridge party for a few minutes' visit. She perched herself on the arm of a chair and proceeded to examine each lady present. The bidding and playing went ahead as usual, but young Janie was unperturbed at being ignored. At last, when her careful and candid diagnosis was concluded, she scrambled down from the chair, halted at the door and announced in her childish voice, "There are four ladies here who look exactly like monkeys!"

" "

The street was unusually empty as Lord Trenchard, former commissioner of London's police, walked down it.

"When I got to the end," he recounted, "a policeman saluted me and said: 'You walked over a bomb, sir!'"

"Why didn't you stop me?" Lord Trenchard asked.

"Oh," replied the policeman, "we recognized you, sir."

Justly famed for its talented negro football players is the University of Iowa. If this story ever happened, it could have happened at Iowa. A team from the University of Missouri met the Iowa team, in which was a number of negro players. A Missouri forward charged the Iowa line with the ball under his arm, but a big negro guard brought him down with a teeth-rattling tackle. He charged again, but was flattened by another husky negro. Three times he tried to break through, but each time some negro in the defense line hauled him down.

Wobbly from the whirlwind tackles, he made his fourth attempt, but as usual, was brought crashing to the ground. On rising dazed and groggy, he saw his tackler this time was a white boy. Walking unsteadily towards him with outstretched hand, he mumbled: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume!"—*Irish News*.

## "I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Though it's hardly flattering, my wife is fond of telling this story on me.

The incident took place at a reception of the gayer sort, in one of the more cosmopolitan centers. The hour was late; the company was festive. It seems I had a paper cap upon my head, a decoration which is not calculated to improve my particular facial facade. One of the late-comers, a youngish teacher who had maintained her solemnity all through the proceedings, came up and eyed me from the peak of my cap to the tips of my toes which, under the stern appraisal, were beginning to curl. "And to think" she announced, "he was Required Reading!"—*Saturday Review of Literature*.

The other day Mutual's veteran news commentator Boake Carter got a very flattering letter from a Michigan housewife, who earnestly assured him that "we do enjoy your program the best."

This compliment was somewhat marred, however, by a request that went along with it. "My husband's birthday is May 16," the lady wrote. "I wish you would please sing these songs at 5:45 a. m. 'Nobody's Darling' and 'How Dry I Am.'"—*Tide*.



